

IN CHICAGO'S WONDERFUL DOLL HOUSE.

The Palatial Plaything Built by a Chicago Merchant for His Little Daughter.

[From the Chicago Times.]

Directly opposite the handsome home of the Union Club on Dearborn avenue, facing Chestnut street and adjoining the New England Church, is a beautiful little private park. It is about one hundred feet wide on the Dearborn avenue front, and runs back over two hundred feet. Nicely carpeted with the greenest of green grass, the well-kept lawn looks inviting enough in itself. But two pretty little deer which gambol on the ground inside of the high iron fence and some pet sheep, goats, and rabbits add to the attractiveness of the place. Every day, from morning until night, hundreds of little children stand on the outside of the inclosure and gaze admiringly at something within. Many grown people do likewise, and it is no unusual thing to see several buggies or other vehicles halted on the avenue, while the occupants crane their necks to get a view of some object of attraction. This object is nothing more nor less than the handsomest, costliest doll-house in the world. It is the only building in this lovely inclosure, and it stands on the southern side of the miniature park. It was erected by Thomas Lynch, Jr., for his little 4-year-old daughter at a cost of \$3,500, and is as complete as the wildest juvenile dream could wish it to be. Santa Claus himself, with all of his fabled ability in the construction of abodes or palaces for children, could never equal it. It is the talk of all childhood on the North Side, and is a veritable curiosity in its way. The stroller paid a visit to it the other day, and with Mr. Lynch as a pilot, explored the mysteries of the Lilliputian palace. It is built of brick, with a tower and cupola like an ancient castle, and looks for all the world like a reproduction of the great modern residence of some millionaire. It has a little flight of steps leading up to the solid-oak front door, and an electric push-bell for the convenience of the baby visitors of the happy mistress of the house. On this door, which, by the way, is four feet high, is the name of the proprietor on a silver plate, "Miss Lelia Lynch." There is a hallway lighted by a miniature gas-lamp, suspended from the ceiling, and it is finished in the choicest of hard woods. There are umbrella and hat racks of appropriate dimensions. Elegant draperies cover the parlor doors, and the parlor is fitted up in grand style. The furniture is all of white enameled wood, covered with white brocaded silk. There is an elegant mantel filled with bric-a-brac of the choicest kind, a real miniature piano, and little lamps of the rarest patterns. A beautiful chandelier, furnished with real gas, hangs from the center of the room. Center-tables, divans, easy-chairs, sofas, etc., fill up the apartment. Dolls from Paris occupy positions here and there, just like real people. Then there is a dining-room furnished complete, with sideboards, china closets, etc., of rich design. The bedroom is a marvel of beauty, and is replete with all conveniences. The ceiling in every room is six feet two inches high, and the upper stories are just big enough for 4-year-olds to move about comfortably.

"The only thing I have to live for," said Mr. Lynch, "is the happiness of my wife and children. That is why I built this house. Some people may think it foolish, but much money is spent in a far more nonsensical manner than in making life pleasant for one's little family."

In France, when a patient is under chloroform, on the slightest symptoms appearing of failure of the heart, they turn him nearly up-side down—that is, with his head downward and his heels in the air. This, they say, always restores him; and such is their faith in the efficacy of this method that the operating tables in the Paris hospitals are made so that in an instant they can be elevated with one end in the air, so as to bring the patient into a position resembling that of standing on his head.

SISTER BEVERA ANN LOCKWOOD insists that women be allowed to enter the regular army, and be eligible to rank as commissioned officers. It is to be feared that Mrs. Lockwood is unaware of the fact that soldiers often find mice among their hard tack.

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